

The
Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.
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CHRISTUS STATE.

School Record

December, 1939.

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 64.

DECEMBER, 1939.

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

P. HORSEMAN, M. AUSTIN, BIDDLE, STEWART.

Editorial.

“How is the war affecting A.G.S.?” asked an Old Scholar in a letter a few days ago. As an answer to this question will probably interest many other Old Scholars, we will mention the main facts here. In the first place, the outbreak of war was one cause of the late opening of the Autumn term: school did not begin until October 4th, a fortnight after the date originally arranged. By this time, a start had been made upon the work of constructing trenches in the school fields for protection in the event of an air raid. This work has continued through the term, and the trenches are now ready to accommodate pupils in an emergency.

Certain changes have taken place in school hours. The morning finishes at twelve thirty-five; afternoon school begins at one-fifty and closes at three thirty-five. As the buses for both Redditch and Stratford-on-Avon now leave at a quarter to four, all pupils are able to get away from school at a reasonable hour and to reach home before dark.

Still another effect has been upon our numbers. As may be seen below, the number of new pupils entering the school this term has been exceptionally large. Included among these are

some who have come to live in the neighbourhood on account of the war. To these as to all other new pupils our welcome is extended; we are glad to see that they have settled down happily in our midst.

* * * *

Last July we made use of two classrooms in the new block at examination time. The international situation has rather eclipsed, as news, our full occupation of the new buildings this term. Apart from various minor fittings, all the rooms are now completed, and we much appreciate their pleasant atmosphere in contrast with the dreariness of the huts which they have replaced. They have been regularly used since the beginning of term.

* * * *

Our sympathy is extended to Miss Deans, who, through serious illness, has been away from school the whole of this term. All send her their best wishes for a full and speedy recovery.

* * * *

Since the last RECORD appeared, we have lost two of our scholars in unhappy circumstances. During the holidays we were all shocked by the unfortunate accident to Buggins; and shortly before half-term we received a further shock through the tragic death of Harrison. The school wishes to place on record its feeling of loss and its sympathy with the bereaved parents.

* * * *

We would once again make an appeal to all present and past scholars for their continued support of the school magazine. We do not yet know what difficulties may arise in producing the magazine owing to increasing costs. But the larger our circulation, the less will these difficulties be; and it is our intention to issue the magazine regularly at the end of each term as long as circumstances allow.

* * * *

Christmas and New Year Greetings to all Old Scholars, and best wishes to those who are serving, whether at home or overseas, with any branch of the forces. At the request of various subscribers, we have decided to publish lists of Old Scholars whom we know to be members of the forces; and in order that these lists may be as complete as possible, we should be pleased if readers would supply us with information as to the rank and unit of any Old Scholar whose name has not already appeared. The first list is printed on another page of this issue.

School Register.

Valete.

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|--|---|
| *Gale, D. E. M. (VI.), 1933-39. | Pellman, C. M. (Low V.), 1935-39. |
| *Hunt, W. G. (VI.), 1929-39. | Coilier, R. H. (Upp. IVa.), 1932-39. |
| *Welsby, P. A. (VI.), 1932-39. | Wilkes, D. L. (Upp. IVa.), 1935-39. |
| Cale, P. E. (Upp. V.), 1934-39. | Bailey, P. M. (Upp. IVb.), 1936-39. |
| *Midlane, R. M. (Upp. V.), 1931-39. | Buggins, A. J. (Upp. IVb.), 1937-39. |
| Peel, S. M. (Upp. V.), 1934-39. | Bull, N. C. (Upp. IVb.), 1937-39. |
| Slaughter, B. M. (Upp. V.), 1934-39. | Collett, G. R. T. (Upp. IVb.), 1935-39. |
| Walters, J. A. (Upp. V.), 1928-39. | |
| *Whitehouse, J. R. (Upp. V.), 1934-39. | Jordan, M. E. (Upp. IVb.), 1933-39. |
| | Pellman, R. M. (Upp. IVb.), 1935-39. |
| Woodward, M. J. (Upp. V.), 1935-39. | Snow, W. S. (Upp. IVb.), 1934-39. |
| Allen, E. J. (Low V.), 1932-39. | Collier, B. M. (iii.), 1938-39. |
| Keyte, E. P. (Low V.), 1935-39. | Barnes, H. M. (Rem.), 1935-39. |

* Prefect.

Salvete.

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| Allen, M. (Shell). | Hartwell, K. H. (iii). |
| Allen, P. (Low. V). | Harvey, B. M. (Low. IV). |
| Anslow, W. N. (Low. IV). | Hopcroft, M. M. (iii). |
| Battersea, F. (iii). | Huxley, J. (Shell). |
| Baylis, P. (iii). | Irving, J. M. (Rem.) |
| Beachus, J. L. (iii). | Irving, J. C. (iii). |
| Beachus, G. M. (iii). | Jackson, G. F. (i). |
| Black, E. M. (iii). | Jones, D. M. (iii). |
| Brookes, P. M. (Shell). | Jordan, J. M. (Rem.) |
| Burdett, J. (Shell). | Knight, H. H. (iii). |
| Carter, B. M. (Shell). | McKewan, E. A. (i). |
| Cave, H. W. M. (i). | Mason, Z. M. (iii). |
| Champion, E. M. (Upp. V). | Pace, G. J. (iii). |
| Clayton, J. J. (iii). | Price, R. A. (Shell). |
| Curtis, B. H. (Rem.). | Reynolds, J. E. (Upp. V). |
| de Grey, C. J. (Shell). | Reynolds, J. M. (Shell). |
| Devey, N. S. (iii). | Rose, D. A. (i). |
| Dew, J. J. (Rem.). | Skinner, J. E. (Shell). |
| Dew, R. M. (Rem.). | Smith, E. M. W. (Shell). |
| Drinkwater, R. H. (iii). | Taberman, G. M. (Low. V). |
| Dyer, J. B. (i). | Taberman, J. E. (Shell). |
| Eadie, D. (iii). | Toye, A. G. (iii). |
| Farquhar, R. (Low. V). | Vale, J. E. (iii). |
| Hale, P. D. (iii). | Vereker, S. M. M. (Shell). |
| Hancox, R. M. (iii). | Wall, W. R. (iii). |
| Harris, G. J. (iii). | Wolstenholme, O. B. (iii). |
| Harrison, F. M. (iii). | |

There have been 232 pupils in attendance this term.

Old Scholars Guild News.

PRESIDENT—Mr. C. T. L. Caton.

HON. SECRETARY—R. B. Biddle HON. TREASURER—P. E. Wheeler

Saturday, 22nd July, 1939, will always remain a very lasting memory to all Old Scholars, it being the day on which the twenty-first anniversary of the foundation of the Guild was celebrated, in the form of a somewhat glorified Summer Reunion. And to do honour to such an occasion the committee had arranged a very comprehensive programme of entertainment, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. By far the largest number of Old Scholars in memory gathered together during the afternoon to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Wells, who again honoured and delighted us with their presence.

As in previous years, the Annual Cricket match with the School was played, this resulting in a fairly easy win for the School XI. The Old Scholars were represented by J. Chambers, L. Parsons, D. Baylis, H. Hewlett, R. Down, A. Baylis, C. Baylis, A. Avery, S. Ledbury, B. Smith and P. J. Smith.

During the afternoon an American tennis tournament was staged, the ultimate winners being E. Ison and S. Ison, who defeated M. Bomford and D. G. Richards in a very exciting final. Table tennis, darts and cards were also available for many enthusiasts throughout the day.

In the evening Old Scholars gathered in the Art Room, where they were entertained with an hour's excellent entertainment rendered by talented members of the Guild. This was followed by the taking of a group photograph by local Press photographers.

The Birthday Supper was held at 9 p.m. when, owing to the unusually large number of Old Scholars present, the committee were compelled to separate the party, some partaking of supper in the Hall, and others in the Dining Room. At the end of supper a handsome birthday cake, the work of C. R. Kilby (scholar 1928—32) was cut. While coffee was being served the business meeting was held and the following officers were elected for the year 1939-40. President, Mr. C. T. L. Caton; Honorary Secretary, R. B. Biddle; Honorary Treasurer, P. E. Wheeler; Committee, D. Ison, R. Bunting, M. Sisam, N. Green, C. Goulbourne, R. C. Baylis and R. Hunt.

Toasts to the King, the Guild, and the School were drunk with enthusiasm, these being proposed by Mr. Caton, Mr. Wells, and C. H. Baylis, respectively. Dancing then became the order of the evening, and a very enjoyable Reunion came to a close with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and "The King."

The Winter Reunion, despite various suggestions that the Guild should be allowed to lapse for the duration of war, will be held at the School on Saturday, December 16th, at 7.30 p.m. and it is hoped that Old Scholars will roll up in their numbers to make this reunion as successful as the last. A very comprehensive programme has been arranged, and the Committee have the task of "blacking-out" the School well in hand.

The Annual Guild Dance will take place in the Town Hall, Alcester, on January 1st, from 9 till 2, to the music of Claude Haines and his New Arcadians Dance Band. Tickets will be 2s. 6d. each and may be obtained from members of the Committee or at the door. Old Scholars and their friends are cordially invited to come along and make the evening a huge success. A surprise item is being arranged.

In a football match with the School XI, an Old Scholars' team was defeated by seven goals to three. The Old Scholars' team consisted of R. C. Baylis, E. Chattaway, N. Green, R. Midlane, P. Smith, P. Wheeler, F. Shrimpton, J. Whitehouse, W. Savage and W. Hunt.

Births.

On July 23rd, to Mr. and Mrs. V. Boote (née Mary Kilby)—a son.

On July 29th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Gummow (née Elizabeth Lane)—a son.

On September 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Ferguson (née Meryl Thomas)—a son.

On September 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. Napier Smith (née Olivia Lane)—a son.

On October 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. S. Bowen—a son.

On November 9th, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Guillaume—a son.

On November 17th, to Mr. and Mrs. Greville W. Spencer—a son.

Marriages.

On April 15th, at Streatham, Kenneth Ernest Arthur Sherwood (Scholar 1924-30) to Marjorie Alwyn Sherwood (Scholar 1918-26).

On July 5th, at Alcester, John Goddard to Cissie Rose Canning (Scholar 1923-27).

On August 31st, at Old Hill, Gilbert Ross (Scholar 1929-33) to Mary Rose.

On September 23rd, at Stratford-on-Avon, Hugh Benjamin Morton (Scholar 1927-34) to Phyllis Rawle Henson.

On September 30th, at Haselor, Douglas Victor Goulbourne (Scholar 1926-32) to Edith Mabel Barber.

On October 29th, at Kensington, James Douglas Wickett to Vera Wood (Scholar 1926-32).

On November 4th, at Charing, M. P. C. Hordern to Blanche W. Spencer (Scholar 1917-24).

On November 6th, at Kinwarton, Derrick Sherwin Bailey (Scholar 1920-28) to Philippa Eleanor Green.

On November 16th, at Alcester, David Clive Baylis (Scholar 1928-34) to Eileen Nora Lewis (Scholar 1931-36).

On November 16th, at Alcester, Lionel George Baylis (Scholar 1930-36) to Marie Lamburn.

Deaths.

On August 21st, Joseph Arthur Buggins, aged 15 years.

On October 28th, Charles Harrison, aged 15 years.

With the Colours.

The following is a list of Old Scholars, who, according to information we have received, are serving in His Majesty's Forces. Further lists will be published as fresh news reaches the school.

- A Baylis, Gunner, 267th, Field Batt., R.A.
- D. C. Baylis, Pilot Officer, R.A.F. (Volunteer Reserve).
- L. G. Baylis, Signaller, Royal Corps of Signals.
- P. J. Bayne, Midshipman, R.N.
- C. E. Blackmore, Aircraftman, 90 Squadron, R.A.F.
- F. T. Bradley, Corporal, 86 G.R. Wing, R.A.F.
- D. Bullock, Aircraft Apprentice, 'A' Squadron, R.A.F.
- G. Bullock, Air Mechanic, R.N.
- J. A. Chatterley, Lance-Bombardier, 267th, Field Batt., R.A.
- L. C. Dales, Corporal, Indian Air Force.
- E. L. L. Earp, Captain, R.E.
- R. Edmonds, Private, R.A.S.C.
- C. D. Goulbourne, Sergeant-Pilot, R.A.F.
- W. G. Gray, Gunner, 267th, Field Batt., R.A.
- F. Hands, Aircraftman, 59 Squadron, R.A.F.
- E. Ison, Company Assistant, W.A.A.F.
- H. G. Keniston, Bombardier, R.A.
- H. B. Morton, Trooper, 'D' Division, Warwickshire Yeomanry.
- A. J. Partridge, Captain, Chaplain to 120th, Field Batt., R.A.
- C. M. Sherwood, Volunteer, A.T.S.
- C. R. B. Smith, Gunner, 109th, Field Regiment, R.F.A.
- P. G. Smith, Gunner, 199th, Batt., H.A.A.

In and About England.

In Liverpool city they love you to visit them. They dust the chair, sometimes the only one in the house, for you; they sit you down and then they talk! They settle you by the fire under piles of dripping family washing, they pour you black tea from the hob mixed with sticky condensed milk, and if you should be so unwise as to mention it—for everyone discusses the price of it in Dockland—they press black pudding upon you. It's a Lancashire relish you will meet nowhere else. Paddy, the black and tan terrier, crawls out of his place among the rubbish in the cupboard and surveys you sternly with his shrewd brown eyes, while a family of cats sit bolt upright in a line before the fire, gazing and blinking in the red glow of the coals. The Liverpool Irish are charming as the sunshine which sparkles on the Irish pools, and treacherous as the bogs which lie below their black depth.

Nine or ten ragged children cluster around. "Nurse has come to see you"—they invariably call you nurse. "Well, now, Mrs. O'Connell," you begin, "Who wants boots among this crowd?" "Sure an' they all do, my dearie," she replies brightly, "for indeed my man took the bairns' boots to Uncle's, for to buy us a bite of bread only yestere'en." "Where does your husband work, Mrs. O'Connell?" "He's on the Labour, to be sure,

and has been these ten years ; " here she wipes a tear from her eye with the corner of her grimy apron. Now here is a big problem in Liverpool. You may provide the children with boots, but can you prevent the parents from taking them off to the pawnshop when they want a spot of " Lizzie ? " " Well," you say, " I'll do my best for the children, Mrs. O'Connell, but I must have their measurements." So I measure ten dirty little pairs of feet, a hundred grimy toes. Pretty children they are in Liverpool, fair and blue-eyed, the Irish blue with black lashes. " Tata-well," says Mrs. O'Connell, as she shows you out of the door. They are indeed most hospitable people. The children run up the street with me, and wave till I am out of sight.

Come now with me to Barnstaple in North Devon. I would like to take you to Shropshire, London, Bristol, but I have no time. In Barnstaple there's thick yellow cream and raspberries in November, and in the great covered market on Friday mornings you may still see the farmers' wives with sunbonnets and aprons staggering in with enormous panniers of dressed poultry, flowers and rosy apples, and sometimes a fisherman's wife with a yellow bowl of fishy, greasy-looking black stuff. It looks horrid. " What is it ? " I said to one bonny red-faced woman. " It's called Laver," she said, " and we pick it at low tide round the lighthouse. It's really seaweed, but in Devon we wash it and boil it and pound it and then we eat it as a pickle—only a true Devonian can relish it."

I have heard that you cannot be a Barumite till you have lived here thirty years and I should think so. For Barum, you know, is the old name for Barnstaple and we boast here the oldest charter in the British Isles. Barnstaple was granted a charter in 936 A.D. So here you see is no seed ground for a Labour enthusiast. They are true blues in Devon with voices as soft as " the indescribable quiet talk of the runnel over the stones." This is the land of the hidden island valley of Avilion. Here, if ever, King Arthur will one day come again. J. L.

Moonshine.

From my shelter near the pool, I could watch the water glistening and shivering in the moonlight ; I could hear it gently lapping against the sides of the grassy bank. There was nothing to disturb the stillness of that beautiful evening. Now and again a rat would run past me and disappear into the water, or a duck would glide past, its wings flashing in the soft light, but otherwise all was silent, and I was left to my peaceful reveries. I imagined that there were tall white figures walking towards me

over the water. I peered forward, but could not see their faces. I wanted to shout "Who are you?" but feared to break the almost eerie stillness. On they came, growing taller and thinner, seeming to overpower me. I crouched behind the bush and tried to shut my eyes, but could not.

Suddenly, from out of the stillness of the night, came a rifle shot, and the vision disappeared. "Good gracious," I said, startled. "Has Hitler come over already?" for I was half asleep. But rubbing my eyes vigorously I saw, standing on the other side of the pool a dim figure with a rifle slung over his shoulder. "A poacher," immediately came to my mind. How silly I had been!

The dim figure moved away and silence once more settled on the moonlit water. My reverie was shattered, so I stood up and took a look around. The darkened meadow in which I stood was brightened here and there with long rays of moonshine, glimmering and dancing with glee. In the distance were dark and gloomy houses, with no sign of life in them at all. I shuddered, yet why should I? Perhaps I was cold. Feeling rather quiet and depressed I walked slowly across the moonlit meadow towards home and a warm bed.

R. YATES, (Lower V.).

The Corridor.

It seemed endless; yet, in the dim distance I could just make out what seemed like a green baize door at the end, but it was so far in the distance that it scarcely seemed real. Before this door stretched miles of stone corridor, with what seemed like hundreds of doors opening off it. Actually, there are only a dozen or so. I was not very old at the time, and at that moment I felt like Gulliver in Brobdingnag; a pigmy in a world of giants. I felt that at any moment I might become lost in this vast corridor with its multitude of windows and its hundreds of doors. Nevertheless, plucking up what courage I could I set off for my unknown destination. After walking and walking, with the noise of my own footsteps resounding through the building so that it almost frightened me, I reached a break in the corridor, where stairs led off to the right, while on the left hung many notice boards, and that which I now know as the Bell-Table (although now deprived—alas!—of its chief ornament). But still the corridor went on. Panic-stricken, I turned, and was just preparing to make the long journey back to the point from which I started, when one of the doors which I had already passed suddenly opened. My heart almost stopped beating. A tall gentleman

emerged—I thought he must be a Senior Master at least, if not a Governor or even an Inspector. It was only later that I discovered he was the Head Boy. He ushered me inside the room, where he was helping to supervise the Entrance Examination.

Since that day, the corridor has played a large part in my life at School. The noise of moving feet in between lessons, the sight of lines of boys and girls for ever on the move, the yearning to run down it at top speed, although there's a rule against such abandonment: all these sensations are intimately connected with the Corridor and Schooldays. And even though today an extension has been made to the corridor, the old part of it still seems to be the core of the school. During lessons, those put on sentry duty outside doors while classes are waiting for members of the Staff, or those summarily ejected from a lesson, form a little community all on their own. Between lessons, the whole school seems to meet there, although nobody ever stops in the corridor itself. Before and after school, there is an uneasy, unsettled atmosphere there, as if it is the back-stage part of a theatre, with the play about to begin, or just over. And there is a ghostly, depressing atmosphere there when everyone has gone home, and the school is deserted and empty.

I don't suppose many people at A.G.S. would, if you asked them, tell you that the corridor is a very romantic place. "It's just a corridor," most of them would say. "We don't have to talk there, and we get into trouble if we march along it with mud on our shoes. And in the winter it's often very draughty." And yet they would find, if they thought about it, that school without the corridor would be a very strange place, like school without the Hall or the Dining-room. It may be merely a passage, a means of moving from one room to another, but without it classes might hardly be aware of each other's existence all day. And nowadays, in a bell-less school, the sound of feet moving along the corridor is the signal for freedom for a good many souls in torment.

P. R. H.

The Two Burglars.

In the neighbourhood of Burnchester there lived two burglars who were both very clever, but they were always quarrelling as to who was the cleverer.

Tom Meath was the elder and John Rawley the younger by a few months.

Squire Mortimer had a large house on the outskirts of the town, and not far from it his brother, Colonel Mortimer, also had a large house.

Both of the men were wealthy and, as was to be expected, their houses were well guarded against thieves and other possible intruders.

Well, one day the two burglars made a plan ; it was to see who could gain admittance into either of the two houses.

Tom boasted that he would be sure to break in, and so did John Rawley, and they both agreed that Friday was to be the chosen day.

But on Friday, as it happened, Squire Mortimer was entertaining Sergeant Kerr and P.C. Cork to supper. Even stranger still was the fact that both Tom and John had decided to go to the same house, namely that of the Squire.

It was a moonlit night and Tom Meath standing in the shadow of an elm was grateful for that. He had a small instrument in his hand and was diligently picking the lock of the Squire's French windows. After a few seconds he managed to force his way in. At this he felt most proud of himself, but thinking he might as well steal something, he opened a desk nearby and took out a bundle of Pound notes, then taking quick steps across the room he made to go out. But half-way across he stopped, there was something else moving in the room ! The rustling ceased after a minute and, thinking it must have been fancy, he set off again, when " crash ! " he bumped into someone and fell over, knocking a birdcage and stand over at the same time. All this made such a din that Squire Mortimer, the Sergeant and P.C. Cork rushed in and flashing torches into the faces of the intruders found themselves staring at the two most daring burglars in the county.

Or course the burglars were arrested and marched off to the police station to be sentenced to twelve months in prison.

E. ROSE, (Lower IV).

Retail Trading.

When the Editor first asked me to give an account of my experience in that ' racket ' the Retail trade, I consented without a thought of the anxious hours I should spend trying to decide what I could say to interest the majority of readers. I shall have no breathtaking adventures, no strange experiences to relate : the life of a ' shopkeeper ' may be full of diversity, but it is essentially ' hum-drum ' in its general tenor. It would be outside the scope of this article to attempt a justification of the retail trader against present day accusations of profiteering, and so my only course is—shades of schoolday magazine articles !—to talk of myself, so be prepared !

As my University days were ending, I began to feel that I wanted a career more 'practical' than teaching (sorry, Staff!), and decided to go into 'business.' I heard a talk on the rosy prospects in the retail trade and obtained one of the two Studentships offered annually by Harrods. This London Store engages two university men with the idea of training them for executive positions, and we spent a year under the watchful eye of the Staff Manager (himself a 'Student' eight years earlier) receiving a comprehensive training in large scale organisation.

Harrods employ over 6,000 people: not more than 1,000 of those actually sell goods: the rest are engaged in our own factories, in the despatch, accountancy, advertising, engineering, and numerous other sections. We are, in a sense, a completely self sufficing unit, in that we ourselves carry on all the functions necessary for running such a large business. The Store has grown from a small grocer's shop opened in 1849, to a huge building selling almost every conceivable article of merchandise in its two hundred departments and one million square feet of trading space. You may be interested to know that in normal times we serve an average of 20,000 customers per day, in addition to the 5,000 orders received by 'phone or mail. Our 300 delivery vans travel about three million miles to deliver ten million parcels per year.

I could multiply examples such as these, but have given enough perhaps to show that I am not quite a 'shop-keeper' in the normal sense of the word. It was our job to get to know the way in which this business was run: and the method was this. We spent periods varying from two days to four weeks in each of the administrative sections, learning how their work was done, how they were all linked together, and how they all contributed to the final end—the satisfaction of customers. We were also expected to criticise and to suggest: and after each section had been visited we wrote a report on its workings and made suggestion for its improvement.—The task was then to 'sell' those ideas (if any!) to the section concerned—a task always far more difficult than writing the report. We did "jobs of work" when necessary, and of course the biennial Sales each gave us at least six hectic days. By the end of that year, however, we felt that we knew how Harrods was organised, and the time had come for the Store to put us in a position to earn a salary!

The majority of Students spend a certain period in a selling department, since the sale of goods is after all the most important object of the store. I started therefore, as a salesman in the Turnery department. Only by actually handling such merchandise can one learn the trade thoroughly and consequently I was

selling Turnery for twelve months. After that period, I was promoted to the position of Under Buyer, and my present job, as the name implies, is to assist the head of the department: he buys all the merchandise we sell, and is responsible for the smooth running of our section.

Such has been my career in the retail trade so far: not an easy trade, not in any sense a sheltered profession, but an occupation full of opportunities and abounding with a variety of experiences which compensate for the comparatively long hours and consequent restriction of more leisurely pursuits. A change, if you like, from both Alcester and Oxford, but a change which holds at any rate more than mere pecuniary interest. C. H. B.

Notes and News.

The prefects this term are P. Horseman (head girl), M. Crompton, D. Horseman, R. Stone, A. Aspinwall, J. Hill, M. Winwood; Butt (head boy), Collins i, Mahoney, Rutter, Walker, Arnold i, Biddle, Horton.

Sides Captains are:—*Brownies*, E. Evans and Mahoney; *Jackals*, P. Horseman and Robinson; *Tomtits*, D. Savage and Collins i.

The football captain is Collins i, the hockey captain D. Horseman.

The girls' tennis tournament was held on Wednesday, July 26th.

At the closing assembly last term Mr. Caton made the usual presentations. The cricket bat (the gift of Mr. S. Stone) was handed to Collins i, and the other (the gift of Mr. A. Baylis) to Horton. The tennis racquet (presented by Mrs. Caton) went to C. Stanley. D. Horseman received the gold medal for tennis, and M. Williams the silver medal.

In addition some special awards were made. A cricket bat (the gift of Mr. Caton) was presented to Woods; and pairs of batting gloves (the gift of Mr. Cook) were handed to Allen and Walton.

This term we welcome to the Staff Miss M. H. Kanaar, who is teaching French in the absence of Miss Deans.

We were pleased to see Mrs. Adams back with us again after half term, recovered from her illness.

A part of the girls' physical training is being taken this term by Miss W. Codrington.

As mentioned on another page, the new buildings are in full use this term. They consist of five rooms: the Geography room (which is also the form room of the Upper Fourth); the Third Form room; the Lower Fifth form room; the Physics laboratory; and the Chemistry laboratory.

Various rearrangements in the use of rooms of the old buildings have been made. The former Chemistry laboratory is now the History room, and also houses the fiction library. The former Physics laboratory has once again become the Woodwork room. The Art room is being used as a class room by Shell.

During the summer holidays the interior of the main buildings was redecorated.

We had been looking forward to the ringing of electric bells to replace that of the handbell this term. But, owing to a 'technical hitch' the new bells have been silent most of the time. To replace them, our bellboy has had to pay a personal visit to each form room at the end of every period.

Our cloakrooms have assumed a very businesslike appearance this term, from the array of gas mask satchels hanging from the pegs. These, together with the trenches outside, provide a constant reminder of the existence of a 'state of war.'

Congratulations to Dorothy Gale, who has been awarded a valuable domestic science scholarship. This is being held at Bath Domestic Science Training College.

By the sale of poppies at school on Friday, November 10th, a sum of £2 1s. was collected.

Half term was November 13th.

Football colours have been awarded to Woods.

The examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music were held on Wednesday, December 6th, the examiner being Mr. Herbert Fryer.

Term ends on Thursday, December 21st.

Blackout Reactions.

My usual nocturnal wanderings having received a severe check in the shape of a black-out, my energies began to seek an outlet in the more restricted pastimes. At first I merely gazed hour after hour into the fire, but this soon palled. It was then I discovered, deep down inside me, a latent but nevertheless quite active inclination towards crossword puzzles.

I am unfortunately, one of those aimless individuals who have no claim whatever to any orthodox hobby, preferring such pastimes as the above. I have long been reconciled to the fact that I am sadly lacking in this respect, but the fun I get out of doing crosswords is full compensation for the inferiority complex which always engulfs me when the subject of hobbies is brought up.

By accident or design, I have not yet discovered which, I seem to possess a mentality quite suitable to this form of pastime. I never use a dictionary for the simple reasons that firstly, I am too lazy and secondly, I should never be able to find one anyhow. Therefore when I find a word that fits, I am to put it mildly, greatly elated.

Of course, like everything else, it has its drawbacks. One of its advantages is, however, that it bothers no one. At least, I congratulate myself on bothering no one, but sometimes I simply have to ask Father's advice on some particularly knotty problem and how can I help it if he is listening to the latest war news?

The only tangible thing against it is that it leads to much pencil-chewing. This, apart from one's digestive point of view, is a definite drawback, as the amount used off one end in writing is inversely proportional to the amount used off the other in chewing. Sometimes too, I meet a clue which completely baffles me. For days I go about with the look of battle in my eye, determined to "do or die." This I admit, is rather rash on my part, as I never can do the former, but am happily relieved of the latter by that particular paper being used to light the fire.

Yes, crossword puzzles certainly have their set-backs, but even these are infinitely preferable to the more violent and definitely more concrete set-backs lying in wait for those stronger characters who dare to put their noses outside the door after dark. Crossword puzzles in themselves are great fun, but as a refuge from straying lamp posts, errant pillar boxes, invisible trees and endless kerbs, they are most certainly unable to be beaten.

M. R. W. (Upper V.)

Camping Out.

Much to the surprise of the rest of the family, I planned to go camping out one week-end. When I finally set out with my equipment on my back all the others turned out to bid me farewell. I, haughtily ignoring their facetious remarks, resolved to show them what I could do. I quite enjoyed the first mile or two of the journey and then my high spirits began to flag a little; I became acutely aware of a blister forming on my right foot. For a time, I succeeded in ignoring the discomfort, but when another blister began to form on my left foot, I felt that something had to be done quickly. I sat on the foot-path and partook of a little refreshment, pondering the while what course I should take. All my pride protested against walking home and being forced to admit defeat. I decided instead to imitate the celebrated Mr. Micawber and wait for something to turn up. Sure enough, half-an-hour later something did turn up in the form of an old car, driven by a farmer of equal antiquity. I stumbled to my feet and hailed him in a rather tremulous voice. He stopped, and after the necessary explanations it was settled that the farmer should give me a lift to his home and that I should camp out in one of his fields.

While I erected my tent, I had an interested audience in the form of two cows looking over the hedge. They viewed my struggles with a sympathetic eye, and urged me to greater effort by making encouraging noises until I had finished the task. Then, with never a misgiving I stretched out on my camp-bed, quite ready for a good night's sleep.

In the middle of the night I awoke suddenly conscious of an icy draught round my bare feet. The wind howled dismally; the night was very black. I stretched out my hand to the small reading lamp I had brought and switched the light on. Horror of horrors! Where was my tent? The wind that was stirring the tree-tops had swept it away. One solitary blanket remained to me. There was nothing else to do but find the hedge and sleep under that. I picked up the blanket and, muttering 'nil desperandum' I set out for where I thought the hedge was most likely to be. I tripped frequently over my blanket before I found a resting place.

When I awoke, the sun beamed brightly down upon me and the wind had gone. One would have thought the horrors of the night had never been; but it was not just a nightmare. My tent had really disappeared and most of my belongings with it. I was left with only my pyjamas and a blanket. I sat up thoughtfully and saw a wisp of smoke rising not far away. Ah! I

thought, I must go to the farmhouse and see if I can borrow some clothes. Draping my blanket over my shoulders, somewhat in the manner of a toga, I set out on a painful journey to the farm. I must have presented a weird figure for the very cocks in the farm-yard stopped crowing as I approached. Two dogs ran out and eyed me askance ; but I was in no mood to trifle with these. I swept past them, my dignity somewhat marred by the fact that I was limping rather badly.

After I had presented my apologies to the farmer and his wife, who seemed very much entertained by my tale of woe, I borrowed some clothes ; and without needing much persuasion I ate a hearty breakfast. Then the farmer kindly took me home where, much to my relief, I found everyone out. When they came back, I was lounging in an arm-chair, completely at my ease. To the many questions and exclamations of surprise I loftily replied " I find country life much too quiet and boring ! "

MARY AUSTIN (Upper V.)

Nature Craft.

Nature Craft is very fascinating and Nature has provided us with a decorative and useful hobby. The financial outlay for this is practically nothing, and to collect one's material adds a further interest to a delightful occupation and gives added enjoyment to a day's hiking. The making-up of the collection can be kept for the evening when the black-out is operating. This hobby gives one both exercise and something to do indoors.

What materials are needed and where are they found ? They are found in the hedgerows while out rambling and in the garden. The things that can be utilised are :—Pine cones, teasels, acorns, seed pods, pieces of twigs, coloured feathers, hawthorn berries, moss and grasses. These things can be found in the hedgerows and woods.

Many things can be made from the articles collected ; they can be amusing, grotesque or nature studies. A Penguin can be made ; one starts with his body which is a pine cone, his head a rose berry ; the eyes are marked on with spots of black and white paint. The beak and feet are made of small pieces of twig which have to be suitable, the flappers are wings of a seed pod halved (from a Sycamore Tree) and a few feathers placed behind the feet complete a quite realistic bird. For assembling the parts a tube of glue is needed, which brings the cost of this small creature to about twopence.

There are many more creatures that can be made, with a background fitted in. In the case of the duck, it is made in the same way as the Penguin, but the rose berry for the head is enamelled

to match the body. Ornamental grasses, moss, twigs to represent branches of trees and a mirror for water all help to make a life-like picture. These are often quite comical.

Besides making animals and such like, small bowls of flowers can be arranged. To collect most things for this there is no need to go farther than the garden, where one can collect poppies that have gone to seed, Montbretia and Love in the Mist pods. On a hike sprays of tinted leaves (Beech leaves) and berries, as well as pine cones, teazels and twigs which have notches on them may be gathered. The Beech leaves can be treated with Glycerine and they will last for a long while.

The Poppy, Love-in-the-Mist and Montbretia heads can be enamelled different colours. These and other flowers which have been treated in different ways are arranged in small bowls which are filled with sand and covered with moss. If a colour scheme is followed the bowl looks very attractive when finished. The bowl can be obtained from any china shop for a few pence, and the sand can be bought quite cheaply.

The teazels, pine cones and twigs which are on a spray, can be painted and are useful to lighten any dark corner during these dark days, while real flowers are scarce. The Beech leaves help to give a more natural appearance to these arrangements of flowers. This hobby gives one work to do out of doors in an afternoon and something to brighten the evenings after black out.

G. MILES (Upper V.)

“Fairy Tailor-man.”

In a wood in Fairyland,
There lives a little elf.
He has a tiny mushroom house
And lives all by himself.

He is the fairies' tailor-man
So works from morn till night,
A-sewing all the fairies' clothes
With all his main and might.

He makes their dresses, suits and coats,
Of silk that silkworms spin,
And sews them with the spider's thread
That's woven very thin.

In his little mushroom house,
He'll cut and sew and trim,
Any little dress or suit
The fairies ask of him.

JENNIFER REYNOLDS (Shell).

"This England . . ."

Changed is the face of England since the time of John of Gaunt's memorable speech—but England has not changed in spirit. The sandbags, khaki uniforms, searchlights, tin hats and all the other various A.R.P. symbols only tend to show the indomitable will of the British nation.

The British Broadcasting Corporation has very nobly striven to face up to present conditions ; motorists peer through the gloom and endeavour, in the words of the popular song to "Follow the white line all the way," while house-wives cast off that "Monday-ish" feeling and bravely pin up the laundry to "We're gonna hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line." The crooners, too, have suddenly become men, and instead of "Lullabying" baby they are awaking with martial airs the "dormouse valour" of the Britons.

Fashion, too, has its way—the women make the most of the war by "siren" suits, military coiffures, etc. "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity" mutters the sane he-man, quite overlooking the fact that he, himself, is quite proud of his new uniform. But coming down to brass tacks, or should I say, tin hats, what woman could bear to be "sirenaded" to an air raid shelter with her hair in curlers? Even gas masks are made interesting by containers to match the lady's costume, and identity discs are made excuses for the most elaborate bracelets and bangles. Food rationing, too, is going to have its good points, especially for those who want to get "those extra few pounds off" and have not had determination enough to do a little drastic slimming.

The black-out, however, has become a little boring of late. At first it was fun to go prowling round the house looking for chinks of light, but now ever meandering about with torches, bumping into lamp posts, etc., has become an "everynight" matter, and "everynight" matters like everyday matters gradually lose their interest.

But no matter how many wars there are "Christmas comes but once a year, and with it comes good cheer"; the robin will still perch on the log, the holly and mistletoe will be gathered, and the plum puddings made. I am wondering whether the Christmas maxim, "Goodwill towards all men" will remain; I think it will, with one exception, whom, for decorum's sake, I will not mention.

J. MACHIN.

The Silent Street.

The old High Street was deserted and the lights were out, for blackout blinds were up. I only saw one ray of light shining from the bottom of a door. I heard faint footsteps in the next street, and a few bats flew round and round the houses and circled round the chimneys, and I put my hand to my head, having a funny feeling inside me. It was very dreary out there in the dark with the rain falling heavily, and faint noises jumping out of the darkness. I heard a rustle, and I looked down. There, running across my path was a mouse, with its bright little eyes shining in the darkness; I shuddered and moved on.

At that moment a buzz of an aeroplane came to my ears. I looked about in the sky, and fixed my eyes on a red light; its shape was that of a star moving slowly across the sky; this gradually died away and I found myself still in the High Street on a miserable, dark, dreary night listening to the ghost-like sounds.

J. DANKS (Upper IV.)

Per Ardua ad Alta

We'll remember the long stairway that we daily had to climb
How we panted and we gasped as we rushed up—four a time!
Blazer flying, satchel swinging, to reach the Golden Gate—
All in vain! The bolt is set! Alas! we come too late.

We'll remember how we sat there, in that solemn silent room
Till we heard the Voice of Evil Omen penetrate the gloom
“We'll let—start to translate this delightful little Ode”
O that some kind angel would relieve me of my heavy load!

We'll remember how one day in Spring, we journeyed thro' the town,
How we sat and listened, clapped and sang, the speakers then came down
From off the wobbly platform, while we dashed out through the sea
Of bewildered, harassed parents, who were waiting for their—tea!

A score of pleasant memories will in our minds arise
As we think of A.G.S. days, days of smiles and days of sighs
Shall we think of all the grumbles, all the worries, all the glares?
No, but we'll remember all the breath we wasted racing up those stairs!

EXANIMATUS.

Suspense.

Every member of the younger generation will remember the summer holidays of 1939, the months when the horizon was darkened by grim war clouds. People felt that they were being slowly pushed towards a yawning chasm of destruction and that nothing earthly could save them from their plight; they felt helpless in the hands of Fate.

A further strain on nerves came on the last morning of August when the B.B.C. announced that a general evacuation of school-children would begin the next day—the tension was great. The great clash could not now be avoided, everyone's fears had reached their climax, the country was waiting breathlessly for the final moment when it would know the inevitable.

The next day, train after train loaded with schoolchildren passed through my home town. The great rush of events had seized them and the journey to their new homes gave them no pause to collect their scattered thoughts. They had been uprooted from their homes and herded into trains, not knowing in the least where they were being taken.

I shall never forget the night of the first of September. As I walked with a friend down a country lane, the whole atmosphere seemed oppressive, the sky was devoid of stars and everything around was still. That night summed up the whole position—awe-inspiring.

The statement of the Premier on the Sunday morning put an end to the agonizing wait; we were at war, now we knew. The only thing that we had to do now was to adapt ourselves to war conditions. In one way that statement, although terrifying, acted as a kind of relief to anxious hearts; suspense was at an end and people knew what they had to face.

P. H. R.

A Sea Adventure.

We were in a Tramp steamer coming from Malta with oil. Everything was going fine when the look-out gave a yell of terror. "Look!" he shouted, "a U-boat." We all rushed to see for ourselves and to our surprise we saw it was true.

Suddenly a whizzing noise was heard, followed by a roar and a sheet of flame. There was a large hole in the stern of our boat. Our answer was a shot from our small cannon. The U-boat dived under and then we saw a torpedo coming towards us. The captain ordered the lifeboats to be launched, but they were already damaged. Meanwhile the operator was frantically

sending out an S.O.S. We all jumped into the water, just as a smudge of smoke appeared on the horizon. It was a destroyer. Then the ship went down, we were picked up by the destroyer, and depth charges were dropped. We heard a roar and saw that the U-boat was hit.

We survivors were given dry clothes and landed at a port. The captain and twenty-eight men had gone down. I shall never forget this experience as long as I live.

L. C. LEWIS (Lower IV.)

These Have not Changed.

There are lots of things that have changed in this world of ours, this England, ever since the war began. We can't go about without an awkward-sized box swinging around our waist; no more street lamps to guide us on our way; creeping about the streets go the motor-cars, not daring to shine a light for fear of attracting attention from the skies. But for all that, let us hope we are optimistic; and, with a cheery call to a friend who is not there, one will charge an exceedingly tough telegraph pole with a smile. I need not describe the process of "blacking-out"; everyone knows about that. Still, not everything has gone mad.

For one thing, we school people still go to A.G.S. We still use the same books, we still have the same staff, we still obey, or disobey, the same rules, we still do homework.

And we need not confine ourselves to school. The autumnal operations of Nature are proceeding uninterruptedly. At the end of a bright day, the gorgeous splendour of the setting sun is still an object of admiration to all. One still feels the nip in the early morning air of the dying Autumn. The birds are leaving for warmer lands; cold days are setting in; at a slight gust of wind, myriads of leaves come tumbling to the ground. The robin has returned—though I have not seen one myself yet; and red noses and blue, ice-cold faces are coming to the fore. These have not changed. Because we are at war, is that going to stop the rain and the snow from falling, the sun and the moon from shining? Many things have altered, of course, but our customs, and the works of Nature, which undoubtedly control a great part of our lives, are still the same.

These have not changed.

D. E. W. SPENCER (Lower V.)

Shelters.

"Deep shelters are essential," flustered Mr. Mixup, chairman of Upsydais town council. "It will mean pulling down some old houses towards the common; but that does not matter much, as we are prepared to pay a good price for them. Then we will have the shelters constructed on the site of the houses."

"That's a good idea," boomed Colonel Firebrand.

"Well if you think so, that is all right. It's your houses that will have to come down," piped old Mr. Counterfeit, affectionately known as "Digger."

"W—What's that?" demanded the Colonel, "My houses to come down? Certainly not!"

"Bother a public shelter, say I. If every one had his own shelter it would be much better," continued Mr. Tumble, the carpenter, "because they are not likely all to be hit by bombs. One big shelter might be hit by a bomb, then where would you be?"

"You'd be surprised," chuckled "Digger."

"I was just ab——"

C-R-A-S-H!

"W—W—Was that a b—bomb?" stammered Mr. Mixup.

"Take cover," bawled the Colonel.

"We haven't blacked out the windows," observed someone.

"Ha! ha! ha!"

A moment later heads reappeared from under benches.

"It was only those ragamuffins letting off six bangers under the window," confirmed Tumble when he returned.

A. W. BRAND (Lower V.)

The Tramp.

The tramp is a very old man,
He drinks his tea out of a can,
At night he sleeps in a workhouse so clean
Where never before has he ever been.

He wears a cap which is terribly worn,
The legs of his trousers are badly torn,
He rides a bike which has punctures many,
And in his pocket is a half-penny.

He knocks at doors and begs for bread,
Sometimes he is kindly fed,
But sometimes sharp old people say,
"Go away I've nothing for you to-day."

JOAN BEACHUS (iii).

My Story.

When I left the factory, I was taken to a small A.R.P. centre with about a thousand other gas masks. Hundreds of people came during the next few days to fetch us, and in about a week there was only me left. It was about seven o'clock and all black-out preparations had been made for the night, when suddenly all the people present started hurrying from the building. "Something scared them," Tommy told me (Tommy being a spider and the only other occupant of the building now). They must have been very timid people, for they did not come back.

Then one day an old man came hobbling up to the building; he opened the door and came groping along inside. After a minute or two he became accustomed to the darkness. I happened to be the first thing seen, so he grabbed at me. He managed to catch hold of me and I was taken away. When I was finally put down it was on a chair in a little cottage.

In the other chair sat a small child who was crying because she had lost her gas mask. She stopped crying and her eyes brightened up when she saw me, and she asked to be allowed to try me on. A little adjusting of the straps was all that was needed, and it was a perfect fit. I have proved to be her friend more than once, and there is only one thing puzzling me now, and that is, 'Why didn't they paint me white so that I should be easily visible, if I have to be used in darkness?'

NOREEN NASH (Lower IV).

Olla Podrida.

Who is the illustrious member of the Sixth Form who knows such a lot about "Beauty sculpture"?

"Au milieu d'eux," says S.K.W., means "In the middle of the water." His thoughts are evidently on the Siegfried Line.

Latest excuse for not returning a Library book: "My father's reading it."

"The girl had not cried for thirty years," translates P.H.R. One would hardly like to enquire her age after that.

Reading "As You Like It," A.D.C. gallantly implores his Form-mates to "treat me as a pheasant."

D.J.H. translates "proximus angulus" as "the nearest angel." Can anyone imagine what a Roman angel would look like?

The Lost Gas Mask.

When you think of it, what a nuisance a gas mask is, especially when you are going on a pleasure outing, or visiting someone, and you have to take it with you. I remember not long ago, a party of people including myself set off to see the ruins of a certain castle, and of course, we all took our gas masks. We walked there, for it was not very far away, and we reached the ruins early in the afternoon. It was a lovely day, the sun was shining out of a cloudless sky, and we were all in good spirits. Exploring the castle was great fun, for there were several secret passages and such like, and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. After we had had a picnic tea, the guide of our party decided that we should start walking home as it was getting late ; so we set off on our return journey.

About halfway home, I realised to my horror, that my gas mask was missing. So we went back and searched all the ruins again, and everywhere where we had been, but it was in vain, no gas mask could be found ; so we set off home. Next morning to my surprise, a square parcel was on the table and it was addressed to me. Opening it I saw my missing gas mask. For some kind person had picked it up, and seeing my name and address on it had sent it to me. I shall always look after it in the future, in case of Air Raids.

NORMA DEVEY (iii.)

Sirens and a Warning.

Several times every day in those dim and distant pre-war times one could hear the S—— factory siren and the T—— brewery siren proclaiming the hour. They had been heard so often for years past that they formed part of the everyday life. However, now no longer can one rely on the 8 o'clock hooter to know if one has the remotest chance of catching the 8.15 bus.

After the declaration of war these two hooters were heard no more until a day towards the end of September. At about 8 o'clock one was awakened by a familiar sound. In one's state of sleepiness one was apt to imagine it was "Just that old hooter again," but, when the warbling note had fully penetrated into one's brain, one realised what it really was. Air raid siren !

Those humans who were in bed immediately jumped out, and with fingers that seemed all thumbs plunged themselves into that coveted siren suit. The more timid ones rushed for their gas masks, but the adventurous went into their gardens and gazed skywards. Those who were on their way to work stopped and conversed with people standing at their gates. Such excitement

had never before been known in the town of Y—. A few A.R.P. officials were the only concerned ones as they pedalled furiously, pale-faced and tight-lipped to the A.R.P. centre. The air raid wardens and members of the decontamination squad on duty, smiled nervously, seeming frightened to offend the people, who, by all the laws of good citizenship, should have been in their air raid shelters or gas-proof rooms.

This state of affairs continued for an hour. Then, at about 9 o'clock, the brewery siren trilled out. All clear! The suspense of an air attack was over. In it the two well-known sirens had played the chief part, and proved themselves not only to be time signals, but also able to be used to let one know that so many enemy bombers were approaching the East Coast.

MARY TROTMAN (Lower V.)

Oxford Examinations, 1939.

The following candidates were successful in the examinations held in July :

Higher School Certificate.

Modern Studies—M. W. Butt, P. R. Horseman, P. A. Welsby.

School Certificate.

R. H. Arnold (4 credits), E. A. Aspinwall (2 credits), S. G. Biddle (8 credits), P. E. Cale (6 credits), F. R. Horton (7 credits), J. Machin (7 credits), R. M. Midlane (2 credits), M. Nall, S. M. Peel (6 credits), S. K. Walker (5 credits), R. J. Walton (7 credits), J. R. W. Whitehouse (6 credits).

Hockey.

CAPTAIN—D. Horseman.

Although the results of the matches played during the last three seasons have not been very encouraging, the gradual improvement noted last season culminated in success on November 18th, when the First XI gained a victory of five goals to two over Redditch C.H.S. It is to be hoped that this improvement will be maintained during the season and will result in a record year for success.

The school was represented by the following team :—J. Holder, J. Barker, F. Evans, E. Evans, B. Dew, M. Crompton, B. Bryan, G. Miles, M. Winwood, M. Barker, P. Cresswell.

D. J. H.

Tennis.

Played
4

Won
2

Drawn
0

Lost
2

Football.

CAPTAIN—Collins i.

Owing to the postponement of the reopening of school the prospective players for the First XI were not able to practise before the match at Evesham. This fact, however, did not dismay us, and after a ding-dong struggle the final score stood at five goals each.

In the next match at Redditch, the forwards were not very convincing, and although Alcester were only a goal behind until late in the game, a series of mistakes led to an adverse score of 5—2.

The A.R.P. trenches by the side of the football pitch were finished before the return match with Evesham was played. This was the first home game of the season, and whether it was this feeling that inspired Alcester or no, the fact remains that the visitors were outplayed. Goals came very frequently, and half-time brought the score to 5—1 in our favour. The second half brought the home total to nine goals, while Evesham only added one more goal before the close.

So far only one sides match has been played, between the Brownies and Tomtits. It was a very close game throughout, with the Brownies winning the day by one clear goal.

RESULTS :

- A.G.S. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), drawn, 5—5.
 v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), lost, 2—5.
 v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), won, 9—2.
 v. Old Scholars, (home), won, 7—3.
 v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), won, 3—2.

Sides Match—Brownies 1. Tomtits 0.

Cricket.

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
11	7	1	3

The following boys represented the School :—Allen, Biddle, Booker, Butt, Collett i, Collins i, Collins ii, Devey, Horton, Ison, Midlane i, Portman i, Walton, Whitehouse, Woods.

Scouts.

SCOUTMASTER—Mr. Walker.

This term the numbers have diminished slightly owing to many of the older scouts leaving, including two patrol leaders, and also not many new scouts have joined. The troop is now divided into two sections, both doing different work. All the second class scouts are receiving valuable instruction on First Aid from Mr. Haines, who is a St. John's Ambulance man. The

younger scouts are being taken by Mr. Walker for signalling, and many are showing great promise in this direction. By this method it is hoped that by the end of the year we shall have many first class scouts and also that everybody will have obtained their second class badge.

The scouts are also collecting waste paper which they are selling to a firm in Birmingham. By this method they hope both to gain funds for the troop and also to help the country. It is hoped that all the school will help this effort by bringing as much waste paper as possible. Keen spirit has been shown in everything and much useful work is being done. S. K. W.

For the Juniors.

Our Kittens.

One day as Doreen and I were sitting outside, our three kittens appeared. The white kitten jumped upon my lap. I was reading a story and the kitten started biting my fingers. Then it jumped down, and went on Doreen's lap. Doreen was writing but the kitten started biting the end of the pencil, so that she could not write. The little black kitten was playing with the dried leaves as they blew about the drive. The little tabby kitten jumped upon Doreen's lap, then finding Doreen's handkerchief in her pocket it started to pull it out. All this time our big cat was asleep on Doreen's lap under the book.

A. VILLERS (Remove).

May, June and July.

One day
About May,
I saw some lambs skip and play.
One day,
About June,
I made up a pretty tune.
One day,
About July,
I made my first apple pie.

B. HILL (Remove).

My Budgerigars.

I first had two budgerigars, Sweetie and Tweetie, and when I had had them for about three weeks, one got out of the cage, and he flew down to the Inspector's house. The Inspector's son has a lot of budgerigars and mine flew down to his, and not long after Tweetie died, but I still have Sweetie.

HAINES i, (Aged 9).

ALCESTER:
THE CHRONICLE OFFICE,
HIGH STREET.
